

## FORTITUDE

If the battle goes against you  
And your foes upon you press,  
Do not yield your weapons to them;  
Give not voice to your distress.  
Up again and wage new battle;  
Up again and strike fresh blows;  
You may yet come off triumphant;  
You may win the fight, who knows?  
Naught you'll gain by idle weeping;  
Tears but add to your distress.  
If the wicked world has wronged you,  
At its hands, then, seek redress.  
Bring to your assistance courage,  
And the fight again begin,  
Knowing industry and valor  
In the end will surely win.  
—Arthur J. Burdick in Los Angeles Herald.

Where Platonics  
Were StrainedA STORY OF WRECKED  
CANOES.

Their relations were purely platonic. At least she prided herself on that fact. When any one suggested to her the possibility of an attachment more tender and affectionate, she poolpoiled it with an emphasis indicative of an absolutely sure state of mind. She was not like other girls, she said. Several men had found that out. They began by being friendly. She encouraged them perhaps in a certain liking that she had for masculine companionship which they not infrequently misunderstood. Then when the night and the moon and the soft breeze stirred them to declarations fraught with more than passing interest she was forced to more heroic utterances.

"Dear me," she would say, "I don't see why a man and a woman can't go on being just friends here in New York. Bob never acted this way. Why, we rowed and sailed and tramped together summer in and summer out, and he never thought of making a proposal. Dear old Bob! He had more sense. Brace up now, be a man. Forget it, and so will I, and we'll just go on being comrades."

Some of them got angry. Others accepted it as a matter of course. There is at least one instance on record of a chap who really tried a second time and ended by responding to the usual throw down with whistling a popular air that begins, "Comrades, comrades, ever since we were boys." Upon which occasion she told him he was a dear to take it that way, and they have been better friends ever since.

A few weeks ago she went to spend the summer with friends in a little hamlet up the Hudson. Thither also journeyed Bob. She is a strong, handsome, athletic creature, fond of outdoor sports. She begins her season's swimming long before the darling small boy thinks the water has lost enough of its chill. When she is not golfing, she is in the tennis court. In the winter basket ball and long rambles through snowy woods serve to keep her cheeks rosy and her eyes bright. And the man who accompanies her on such walks needs to be more than a passably good pedestrian, for she will soon tire him whose limbs are not of iron.

Bob is not easily tired. His training with the college boat crew came in handy, too, now that the form of sport took an aquatic turn. The long tramps over the country roads were varied with sailing, swimming and an occasional hour of paddling in Bob's beautiful new canoe. The last, in fact, was rapidly becoming the favorite sport. But now she avers that canoes, like men, are mighty uncertain creatures.

It happened this way: They had started out for an early morning paddle—so early, in fact, that the rest of the household was still asleep. But the air was crisp, and the sun rising behind the Jersey hills made a picture long to be remembered. She is quite sure that she will remember it. He has no doubts on the subject. She was sitting in the bow of the canoe trailing her hands in the still water and enjoying it all so much that it startled her when Bob's aimless conversation took another turn. He did not say much, but it was all so sudden, there was such a depth of tenderness in the tone, and it was so impressive that she gave a sudden start. That did the trick. The canoe turned turtle, and in an instant they were both floundering in the water.

"Great Caesar!" he shouted. "I didn't mean it. Can't you take a joke?"

He was clinging to one end of the canoe, and she had found safety by throwing her arm over the other end.

"It was too much of a shock," she answered. "I'm surprised at you. How dare you! Oh, Bob, I'm so disappointed in you!"

"But, I tell you, I didn't mean it." The speech was not gallant, and she may have resented it, but she only added:

"Well, you oughtn't to talk nonsense in a canoe. It's apt to upset one."

"So I observe. But if you weren't so set up in your notions I might be tempted!"

"There, now, you're beginning again, I'm going to swim ashore."

"It's a mile or more," he shouted. "For heaven's sake, not to speak of mine, don't think of it!"

"Well, you stop talking nonsense, then."

"It isn't nonsense."

"It is."

"I'm serious."

"That settles it." Her arms came down from the canoe. "I'm going to try for the shore."

He tried waddling along the side of the canoe to get at her arm and detain her. The shell trembled along its entire length and sank far down under his weight. She laughed derisively, and he grew pale.

"Very funny, isn't it?" he asked.

"Decidedly. Do you think if you sink it we'll be any better off?"

As she had ceased to make demon-

strations shoreward he felt that his purpose was accomplished and so said nothing. A moment later he made another mistake.

"It's getting along," he said. "Somebody will be out fishing soon and pick us up."

It was her turn to look scared.

"What would they think if they found us like this?" she ventured. "I won't permit it."

"But everybody around here knows we're just friends," he said. "You know you've talked Plato till!"

"Don't be silly. It wasn't that I feared. I don't care what they think on that subject. But I don't propose to have them think I went out with a stupid man who couldn't paddle a boat without upsetting it."

"Not to speak of a girl who didn't know enough to keep still."

For answer she gave a kick that sent the spray into his eyes. Then she shrieked with laughter. His arms were beginning to get very tired, and it suddenly occurred to him that she also might be fatigued.

"If you keep quiet a moment," he said, "I'll swim around to you and hold you up. That will rest you."

"Tshaw! Rest yourself. I'm all right."

He paid no attention to the injunction, and a few strokes brought him to her side. The tide was running strong, and they were drifting farther and farther from the shore.

"Just place one hand on me, if you dare," she shouted, "and I'll let go the canoe. Then see how quickly it'll be out of sight!" The threat was effective. It was such a pretty canoe, and he had no desire to lose it. So, commenting on her stubbornness, he waddled back and took hold of his end again.

Then a sound of oars was heard, and soon two men in a boat were within a few yards of them.

"Say, there," was Bob's inquiry. "What are you two trying to do?"

"Hold on a little longer," came back the answer. "We'll have you safe in a minute."

"We're all right; don't trouble," said the girl.

"Keep off!" shouted Bob. "If you come any closer, you'll scratch the paint on my canoe!"

"What do you mean?" inquired one. "Do you mean to say that you care more for the canoe than for—for?" He hesitated.

"For me!" she shouted. "Yes, that's it. For a woman's only a woman, and a good canoe's a boat!"

After some parleying the boatmen consented to be careful. With their assistance the canoe was righted, and the friends made their way shoreward.

But the gossip in the small Hudson river town have had good food for much reflection, and the oldest dame of them all admits that even she doesn't understand it.

"Why, Jim tells me," she said, "that when they got ashore she didn't show the least concern for the man. Now, the least you would have expected would have been that she'd throw her arms about him and say that she would never leave him!"

"And didn't she?"

"No. She just kicked up a pebble, wrung the water out of her skirt and laughed fit to kill. Then she said, kind of short, 'Thanks,' and went into the house."

"And did the man seem cut up?"

"No. He just looked at his old canoe sharp and cursed. 'I'll have to blow in a ten to get it in shape again,' he said."—New York Times.

Rousseau and the Impostor.

On one occasion Rousseau composed an opera, which was performed before King Louis XV. and, with the royal approval. The king sent for him, and if he had put in an appearance he would probably have obtained a pension.

He was, however, of a retiring disposition and could not bring himself to face the court. To his friends he gave as a reason his republican opinions, but his real reason was his shyness. Accordingly he fled from the court and sought the privacy of a country inn. While he was there a man came in who began telling the company that he was the celebrated Rousseau and proceeded to give an account of the opera, which he said had been performed before the king with great success.

Most men in Rousseau's position would have felt nothing but contempt for the impostor, but this extraordinary man felt only pity and shame. "I trembled and blushed so," he tells us in his "Confessions," "for fear the man should be found out that it might have been thought that I was the impostor."

He was afraid that somebody might come in who knew him and expose the pretender. At last he could bear it no longer and slipped out unobserved.

Very few people would treat an impostor like that.—Westminster Review.

Non-descript Animals.

The west African water shrew has the fur and shape of an otter, a tail like an eel and the habits of an aquatic insect feeder.

The panda is a very pretty, beautifully furred, carnivorous creature found in the forests of the eastern Himalayas. It is sometimes called the "bear cat."

Its fur is a rich red chestnut above and a jet black below, the tail long and ringed like a raccoon's, and its habits rather like those of a bear. It sucks up water instead of lapping it and sits upon its haunches to fight.

The bintárong is a kind of Asiatic kinkajou, found in Sumatra and Java. It is the only prehensile tailed animal in the old world, a distinction which appears to have struck naturalists more than the detachment of the animal from all other forms. It has a short, blunt head, woolly, soft fur and teeth adapted for getting an honest living by almost any means. Its color is black, its gait slow, its tail very long and prehensile, its ears tufted and fringed with white.

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(Circuit A-228.)

SHERIFF'S SALE. — Essex Common Pleas Court. Frederick F. Loveless vs. Charles A. Harrington. Pl. fa.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the eighth day of March next, at two o'clock P. M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situated, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey:

Beginning at the southwest corner of Glenwood and Linden avenues; thence running (1) along the southerly line of said Linden avenue north 69 degrees 45 minutes west 58 feet; thence (2) south 20 degrees 30 minutes west 100 feet; thence (3) south 69 degrees 30 minutes east 27 feet to said Glenwood avenue; thence along Glenwood avenue north 37 degrees 15 minutes east 155 feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., February 1, 1904.

WILLIAM C. NICOLI, Sheriff.

Edwin A. Rayner, Atty.

## A WISE OLD FOX.

One Who For a Long Time Cleverly Eluded the Hounds.

In common with other people who have looked after fox coverts I have often been puzzled by the disappearance of well known foxes and have become convinced that the more intelligent foxes, after they have been before hounds several times, often turn their wits to account to avoid being hunted.

In a small covert that I know well there was always a fox. A fine big fellow he was. I have more than once met him when taking an early ride as he loped quietly homeward after his night's foraging. He never seemed to mind being seen. When the season opened he gave us one or two capital runs, on the second occasion only just saving his brush by scrambling into an unstopped drain in our neighbor's territory.

After that he was never to be found when hounds came. Yet he was seen about as usual at other times. One day when walking near the covert one of the terriers, who knew all about foxes, took a line to an old tree in the hedge-row and began to whimper and scratch at the roots. A whiff of examination showed nothing. The tree was not difficult to climb. It proved to have a hollow trunk, and there, at the bottom, was my friend curled up fast asleep. His mask smiles on me as I write. After a seven mile point and on a good sweating day he met his fate.

—Country Life.

## MARVELS OF MEMORY.

Facts of Famous Men That Seem Almost Beyond Belief.

Some examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible had they not been given to us upon the highest authority. Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could tell by name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 20,000. Mithridates, king of Pontus, knew all his 80,000 soldiers by their right names.

Scipio knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were read to him, and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been recited by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reverse order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Thomas Cranmer committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the "Æneid," and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word.

It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

THE SCIENCE OF A LIGHT.

Cheap Acetylene Gas Was Discovered by an Accident.

Cheap commercial acetylene gas was discovered by accident. Willson, a scientific experimenter, believed that nearly all metallic oxides could be reduced to a metallic state by heating them to an extremely high temperature by the voltaic arc in the presence of free carbon. Aluminum had been successfully reduced in this way. Mr. Willson wished to obtain metallic calcium. He therefore mixed a quantity of quicklime with pulverized coke and brought the mixture to a high temperature by the action of the voltaic arc. He expected to obtain a white metal, but instead he appeared to produce nothing but slag. This was thrown into the yard, and one day at noon while the boys were having their luncheon they picked up these bits of slag and threw them at each other. One piece fell into a pail of water and produced a bubbling effect and a strong odor. This attracted Mr. Willson's attention, and upon investigation he found that the strong smelling gas was extremely inflammable. Further investigation revealed that it was pure acetylene gas.—Sir Hiram Maxim in Harper's Weekly.

The Healthful Uphill Walk.

The best way to get oxygen into the blood is to walk a mile uphill two or three times a day, keeping the mouth closed and expanding the nostrils. This beats all other methods. During such a walk every drop of blood in the body will make the circuit of the lungs and stream, red and pure, back to its appointed work of cleansing and repairing worn-out tissues. Recreation piers are being advised to use balconies and fire escapes in the fresh air treatment of consumption. The uphill walk, as a prophylactic and curative measure in many chronic ailments dependent upon a weak condition of the heart, lungs and blood vessels, would prove invaluable.—Medical Brief.

When Digestion Is Perfect.

Moderation in diet has more to do with prolonging human life than any other one thing. A proper dietetic regimen, once attained, brings all the rest in its train. Sleep, exercise, cleanliness, equanimity of spirit, all hang upon it. Life is not only prolonged, but is constantly enjoyed, most of its minor annoyances vanishing when digestion is perfect. Pay no attention to fads. They give rise to too much introspection, and that is bad for every one.—Roger S. Tracy in Century.

The Boston Maid.

Mary—I think I'll be like the boss' coat; I'm made to order. Mistress—Well, Mary, you certainly are not a ready maid article.—Boston Transcript.

They All Do.

Mother—Dickie, what do you want for a birthday present? Dickie—I want to be my own boss.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Quality and economy, grace and comfort are in every pair. The list of goods and prices is here for perusal:

## Women's Shoes at 1.59

Kidskin shoes of fine quality patent leather tips, in button and lace, good 2.00 value.

## Women's Shoes at 1.29

Black Kidskin Boots, machine sewed, oak tanned leather soles, dainty in appearance, durable in service, selling regularly at 1.50 a pair.

## Women's Shoes at 1.00

Dongola kidskin, in button and lace, pretty toe shapes, all sizes in the broader widths, splendid value at 1.25 a pair.

Women's Juliet Slippers at 1.29—Opera toes with patent leather tips and plain toes with broad effect, turned soles, nicely made and finished, worth 1.50.

Women's 2-Strap Sandals 79c—Patent Leather and Kid Sandals, turned soles with medium bright leather heels, regular price 1.00.

Women's Oxford Ties at 1.00—Patent Leather and Kidskin Oxford Ties of good quality and worth 1.25 and 1.50 a pair.

## Girls' Shoes at 1.00

Spring heels in lace and button, well made on stylish lasts, sold regularly at 1.25; sizes 11½ to 2.

## Little Girls' Shoes at 85c

Kidskin of good quality, well made in button and lace styles, good value at the regular prices of 1.00 and 1.15 a pair; sizes 6 to 11.

## Boys' Shoes at 1.00

Small boys' shoes, with spring heels, made of plump viol kid and satin calfskin, sizes 10 to 13½, worth 1.25.

## Boys' Shoes at 1.29

Heavy lace shoes with heels, good satin calfskin vamps, dongola kid tops, these soles are made to stand hard wear, regular values 1.50 and 1.75; sizes 13 to 5½.

## Infants' Shoes at 50c

Patent leather vamps and dull kid tops and dongola kid with patent leather tips, soft flexible soles, regular price 69c; all sizes.

## Infants' Shoes at 79c

Patent leather vamps with light spring heels, pretty dress shoes, good value at the regular price, 1.00 pair; sizes 5 to 8.

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## NOTICE.

NOTICE TO OBJECTORS.

The map and report of the Board of Assessors of the assessment fixed by them for building and constructing a sewer in Grove Street, in the town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, have been filed in the Town Clerk's office, and are now open to public inspection.

Objections in writing to said report, map and assessment shall be filed with the Town Clerk on or before Monday evening, March 1, 1904, at eight o'clock, at which time the Town Council will meet in the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building at Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, to consider such objections.

Dated, BLOOMFIELD, N. J., February 2, 1904.

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